

THE
SHEPHEARDS
PIPE.

Translatis quibusvis auctiōnēs & cōditōes.



LONDON,
Printed by John Beale for Thomas Walkley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanes Burse. 1620.



One
Two
Eas
Tef
Ita
Pla
Nor

TO THE TRVELIE
VERTVOVS AND VVOR-
THIE OF ALL HONOR, THE
Right Honourable, Edward, Lord Zouch,
Saint Maire and Cantelupe, and one
of his Maiesties most Honourable
Truie Councell,

Bepleas'd (great Lord) when underneath the
shades
Of your delightfull Brams-hill (where the
spring
Her flowers for gentle blasts with Zephire
trades)

Once more to heare a silly Shepheard sing.
Yours be the pleasure, mine the Sonnetting;
Evn that hath his delight: nor shall I need
To seeke applanse amongst the common store,
It is enough if this mine oaten Reed
Please but the care it shold; I aske no more.
Nor shall those rver all notes which heretofore

Tour

1
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperf'ctlye: Oblivion sh'll not gaine
Ought on your worth, but song shall be your name
So long as England yeelds or Song, or Swans.
Free are my lines though drest in lowly state,
And scarce to flatter, but like men I hate.

Yours Honour,

William Browne.



Of his Friend, Master William Browne.

A Poets borne, not made: No wonder then
Though Spencer, Sidney (miracles of men,
Sole English Makers: whose es' n names so lie
Expresse by implication Poetry)

Were long unparaleld: For nature bold
In their creation, spent that precious mould,
That Nobly better earth, that purer spirit
Which Poets as their Birth-rites, claime t' inherit:
And in their great production, Prodigall;
Carelesse of futures well-nie spent her-all
Viewing her worke, conscious so had suffered wracke,
Hath eas'd our Countrymen ere since to lacke
That better earth and forme: Long thrifty growne
Who truly might beare Poets, brought forth none:
Till now of late, seeing her flockes new full
(By Time, and Thrift) of matter beautifull,

And

And qu-n-tessence of formes; what severall
Our eider Poets graces had, those all
Shee now determin'd to unite in one,
So to surpasse her selfe, and call'd him Browne?
That beggard by his birth, shew's now so poore,
That of true Makers she can make no more.
Heresof accus'd, answer'd, she meant that hee
A species shoulde, no indiuiduum bee:
That (Phaenix-like) He in himselfe shoulde find
Of Poesy contain'd each severall kind.
And from this Phaenix's vrne, thought she could take,
Whereof all following-Poets well to make.

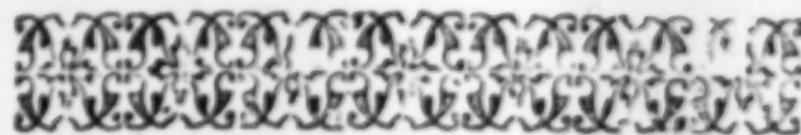
For of some former she had, now made knowne
They were her errours whil'st sh'intended Browne.

In libellum, inscriptionemque.

Not Elegues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
Virgil's selected, yours selected are.
He Imitates, you Make: and this your creature
Expresseth well your Name, and shew's, their Nature.

E. Johnson
Int. Temp.

To



To his better beloued, then
knowne Friend, Master
Browne.

See is the fate of some (write) new adies,
Thinking to win & we are, they break the Baies:
As a slow Foote-man striveng neere to come,
A swifter that before him fare doth swome?
Pufft with the hope of Honours gole to winne,
Runnes out of Breath, yet farthest off from him.
So doe our most of Poets, whose Muse flies
About for honour: catch poore Butterflies.
But thou faire friend not razeck shall be 'mongst chose
That makes a Mountaine where a mole-hill growes:
Thou, whose sweete singing Pen such lyes hath wrie
That in an old way geacheth vs new wrie.
Thou that wert borne and bred to be the mea,
To turne Apollo's glory into Pan:
And when thou liest of Shepheards leane to write
To great Apollo addz againe his light:
For new yet, like Shepheards forth lame come,
Whose Pipes so sweetly play, as thine haue done.

Faire muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure
As women Browne, that faire ana longe endure;
Still mayst thou, as thou doft, a loner move,
And as thou doft each moner may thee loue,
Whilſt I my ſelfe in loue with thee muſt fall,
Brownes Muſe the faire Browne woman ſtill will call.

John Onley.

Int. Temp.



And



The Shepheards Pipe.



The first Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Roget and Willy bathymet,
Upon a greeny Ley;
With Rondelayes and Tales are set,
To spend the length of day.*

WILLIE. ROGET.

Willie.

Roger, droope not, see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on ev'ry Tree
Greete this morne with melodye:
Hark, how yonder Thrushle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;

The Shepheards Pipe.

See how euery streme is drest
By her Margine, with the best
Of Flora's gifts, she seemes glad
For such Brookes such flowers she had
All the trees are quaintly tyred
With greene buds, of all desired;
And the Hawthorne euery day,
Spreads some little shew of May:
See the Prim rose sweetly set
By the much-lou'd Violet:
All the Bankes doe sweetly couer,
As they would invite a Louer
With his Lasse, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide
When all cares are laid aside,
Roget sits as if his bloud
Had not felt the quickning good
Of the Sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to passe the day
As he wont. Fye, Roget fly,
Raise thy head, and merrily
Tune vs somewhat to thy reede;
See our Flockes do freely feede:
Here we may together sit,
And for Musicke very fit
Is this place: from yonder wood
Comes an Echo shrill and good;

Twice

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Twice full perfectly it will
Answere to thine Oaten quill.
Roget, droope not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the Spring.

Roget.

A H Willie, Willie, why should I,
Sound my notes of iollity ?
Since no sooner can I play
Any pleasing Roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my Quill ;
And will say, by this, he me
Meaneth in his Minstralrie.
If I chance to name an Aise
In my song, it comes to passe,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus what e're I chance to do
Happens to my losse, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report : How should I
Sound then notes of iollitic ?

Willie.

The Shepheares Pipe.

Willie.

Tis true indeed, we say all
Rub a galld horse on the gall,
Kicke h' will, storme an' bite :
But the horse of sounder plight
Gently feeles his Masters hand,
In the water thrust a brand
Killed in the fier, 'twill hisse ;
When a sticke that taken is
From the Hedge, in water thrust,
Neuer rokes as would the first,
But endures the waters touch.
Roger, so it fares with such
Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage when ere their vice is blam'd.
But who in himselfe is free
From all spots, as Lillies be,
Neuer stirres, do what thou can.
If thou stan der such a man
Yet he's quiet for he knowes
With him no such vices close.
Onely he that is indeede
Spotted with the leprous seede
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An ulcerous soule in the path
Of reproose, he straight will brall,
If you rub him on the gall.

But

The Shepheards Pipe.

But invaine then shall I keepe
These my harmlesse flock of sheepe:
And though all the day I tend them,
And from Wolues & Foxes shend them.
Wicked Swaines that beare me spight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or else breake my Lambkins legges:
Or vnhang my Weathers bell,
Or bring bryers from the dell,
And them in my fold by pieces
Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
Welladay! such churlish Swaynes
Now and then lurke on our plaines;
That I feare, a time, ere long
Shall not heare a Sheepheards song.
Nor a Swayne shall take in taske
Any wrong, nor once vntaske
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the Sheepheards happy life:
Except he meanes his Sheepe shall be
A prey to all their iniurie.
This causeth me I do no more
Chant so as I wont of yore:
Since in vaine then should I keep
These my harmlesse flocke of Sheepe.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willie.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
Make the Woods and Vallies ring
With some other kind of lote,
Roger hath enough in store,
Sing of loue, or tell some tale,
Praise the flowers, the Hills, the Vale :
Let vs not here idle be ;
Next day I will sing to thee.
Hearke on knap of yonder Hill
Some sweet Shepheards tune his quill ;
And the Maidens in a round
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, shall we
Grac'd be with like company.
An I to gird thy Temples bring
Garlands for such fingering.
Then raise thee Roger.

Roger.

Gentle Swaine

Whom I honour for thy straine,
Though it would beseeme me more
To : t en ! thee and thy lote:
Yet lest thou might'st find in me
A negle:ct of courtesie,

I will

The Shepheards Pipe.

I will sing what I did leere
Long agone in Ianiueere
Of a skilfull aged Sire,
As we tostled by the fire.

Willie.

Sing it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

Roget.

VV Hilome an Emperour prudent and wise
Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes thre,
Which he had in great chierree and great prise,
And when it shope so, that th' infirmitee
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee
Him threw downe in his bed, he let to call
His sonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this mancere,
All th'eritage which at the dying
Of my sadir, he me left, all in feere
Leau: I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchasing,
My second sonne bequeath I to thee:
And to the third sonne thus said hee:

Venmoue-

The Shepheards Pipe.

Vnmoveable good, right none withouten oath
Thee give I may ; but I to thee deuise
Jewels three, a Ring, Brooch and a Cloth :
With which, and thou be guied as the wise,
Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice ;
Who so that the Ring vseth still to weare
Of all folkes the loue he shall conquer.

And who so the Brooch beareth on his b: east,
It is eke of such vertue and such kind,
That thinke vpon what thing him liketh best,
And he as bluie shall it haue and finde.
My words sonne imprint well in mind :
The Cloth eke hath a maruellous nature,
Which that shall be committed to thy cure,

Who so sit on it, if he wisi where
In all the world to beene, he suddenly
Without more labour shall be there.
Sonne, those three Jewels bequeath I
To thee, vnto this effect certainly,
That to study of the Vniuersitee
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When

The Shepheards Pipe.

When he had thus said the vexation
Of death so hasted him, that his spirit
Anon forsooke his habitation
In his bo[dy], death would no respite
Him yewe at all, he was of his life quitte.

And buried was with such solemnity,
As fell to his Imperiall dignity.

Of the yongest sonne I tell shall,
And speake no more of his brethren two,
For with them haue I not to do at all.
Thus spake the mother *Jonathas* vnto:
Sin God hath his will of thy father doe;
To thy fathers Will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his Testament performe.

He three Jewels, as thou knowest well
A Ring, a Brooch, and a Cloth thee bequeath,
VVhose vertues he thee told euery deal,
Or that he past hence and yalde vp the breath:
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grieuously sticketh vnto mine heart,
But suffered mot been all how sore it smart.

The Shepheards Pipe.

In that case women haue such heauiness,
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright ;
You tall of so g^eat sorrow the excesse :
But w^eife women can take it light,
And in short while put vnto the flight
All sorrow and woe, and catch againe comfort,
Now to my tale make I my resort.

Thy fathers will, my sonne, as I said ere,
Will I performe, haue here th^e Ring, and goe
To stiue anon, and when tha^t thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, doe euens so,
And as thou wilt my blessing haue also :
Shee vr to him as swythe tooke the Ring
And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

He went vnto the studie generall
Wher he gat loue enough, and aequaintance
Right goo^t and friendly ; the ring causynge all
An^t on a da^t, to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morsell of pleasance,
By the streetes of the Vniuersitie,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And

The Shepheardes Pipe.

And right as blire he had with her a tale,
And therewi. nall sore in her loue he brent ;
Gay, fresh and piked was she to the sale,
For to thaten i, and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went :
And he a piske rownd in her care,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there:

She was his Paramour shottly to sey,
This man to folkes all was so leefe,
That they him gaue a bun lance of money,
He feasted folke, and stoo f at high boucheefe :
Of the lack of good, he felte no griefe,
All whil'st the ring he with him had,
But fayling it, his friendship gan sad,

His Paramour which that yealled was
Felicia, maruailed right greatly
Of the dispences of this *Jonathas*,
Sin she no peny at all with him sy,
And on a night as there she lay him by
In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
And this petition afoile him praid.

The Shepheards Pipe.

O reuerent sir, vnto whom quoth she,
Obey I would ay with hearts humblenesse,
Since that ye han had my virginitie,
You I beseech of your high gentenesse,
Tellith me whence comth the good and richesse
That yee with feasten folke, an i han no store,
By ought I see can, ne gold, ne tresore.

If I tell it, quoth he, par aventure
Thou wilt discouer it, and out it publish,
Such is womans inconstant nature,
They cannot keepe Councell worth a rish :
Better is my tonguc keepe, than to wish
That I had kept close that is gone at large,
And repentance is thing that I mote charge.

Nay good sir, quoth she, holdet: i me not suspect
Doubteth nothing, I can be right secrete,
VVell worthy were it me to been abie^t
From all good company, if I quoth she
Vnto you should so mistake me.
Be not adread your councell me to shew.
VVell, said he, thus it is at words few.

My

The Shepheards Pipe.

My father the Ring which that thou maist see
On my finger, me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the loue of men he shall haue aye
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh aske and craue
But with good will, he shall as blive it haue.

Through the Rings vertuous excellency
Thus am I rich, and haue euer ynow.
Now Sir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to say, and to speake now:
Is it wisedome, as that it seemeth you,
VVcare it on your finger continually?
VVhat wold'st thou meane, quoth he, thereby?

VVhat perill thereof might there befall?
Right great, quoth she, as yee in company
VValke often, fro your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery
And so be lost, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

This *Ioarbas*, this innocent young man,
Giuing vnto her words full credence,
As youth not auised best be can :
The Ring her tooke of his insipience.
When this was done, the heat and the feruence
Of loue which he beforne had purchased,
Was quench'd, and loues knot was vnlaced.

Men of their gifts to flint began.
Ah thought he, for the Ring I not ne beare,
Faileth my loue : fetch me woman
(Said he) my Ring, anon I will it weare.
She rose, and into chamber dresseth her ;
And when she therein had been a while,
Alasse (quoth she) out on falsehood and gile.

The chest is broken, and the Ring take out :
And when he heard her complaint and cry,
He was astonied sore, and made a shout,
And said, Cursed be the day that I
Thee met first, or with mine eyne sy.
She wept and shewed outward cheere of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing so.

The Shepbeards Pife.

The Ring was safe enough, and in her Chest
It was, all that she said was leaving,
As some woman other while at best
Can lye and weepe wheri is her liking.
This man saw her woe, and said Dearling
VVeepe no more, Gods helpe is nye,
To him vnewiste how false she was and flye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Vnto his mother the streight way he went,
And when she saw thither comen was he ;
My sonne, quoth she, what was thine intent
Thee, fro the schoole, now to absent ?
VVhat caused thee fro schoole hicher to hye ?
Mother, right this, said he, nat would I lye.

Forsooth mother, my Ring is a goe,
My Paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,
Sorrowfully vnto mine heart it sit.
Sonne, often haue I warneid theo, and yet
For thy profit I warneid thee my sonne,
Vnhonest woman thou hereafter shalfe.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Thy Brooch anon right woll I to thee fet,
She brought it him, and charged him full deepe
VVhen he it tooke, and on his breast it set,
Bet than his Ring he should it keepe,
Lest he the losse bewaile should and weepc.

To the Vniuersity shortly to seync
In what he could, he hasted him ageinc.

And when he comen was, his Paramour
Him met anon, and vnto her him tooke
As that he did crst, this yong reuclour,
Her company he nat a deale forsooke,
Though he cause had, but as with the hooke

Of her sleight, he beforne was caught and hent,
Right so he was deceiued oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the Ring before
Of good he had abundance and plentee
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right so through vertue of the Brooch had he
What good him list; she thought, how may this be,
Some priuy thing now causeth this richesse,
As did the Ring herebefore I gesse.

The Shopboards Pipe.

VVondring hercon, she praid him, and besought
Besily night and day, that tell he would
The cause of this; but he another thought,
He meant it close for him it kept he should,
And a long time it was or he it told.

She wept aye too and too, and said, alasse
The time and houre that euer I borne was!

Trust ye not on me Sir? she seid,
Leuer me were be flaine in this place,
By that good Lord that for vs all deid,
Then purpose againe you any fallace,
Vnto you would I be my liues space
As true, as any woman in earth is
Vnto a man doubteth nothing of this.

Small may she doe, that cannot well byheet,
Though not performed be such a promise.
This *Jonathas* thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse
Of them, and of his foolish tendernesse.

Thus vnto her he spake, and said tho,
Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?

The Shepheardes Pipe.

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing;
Sir, quoth she, my heauiness and dred
Is this; I am adread of the leesing
Of your brooch, as Almighty Go. I forbeed
It happen so: Now what so God thee speed,
Said he, wouldest thou in this case counsaile?
Quoth she, that I keepe it might sans faile.

He said, I haue a feare and dread algate,
If I so did thou wouldest it leese
As thou lostest my Ring, now gon but late:
First God pray I quoth she, that I not cheeze,
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
Or else be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire.

To her words credence he gaue pleneere,
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
VWhereas he was beforne full leefe and cheere
To folke, and had good, all was gone;
Good and frenship him lacked, there was none.
VWoman, me fetch the Brooch, quoth he, swythee
Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But she not brought that he sent her fote,
She meant it nat, but as she had be mad.
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
And cryd alasse, the brooch away is bore,
For which I wole a non right with my knife
My selfe slay, I am weary of my life.

This noice he heard, and blive he to her ran,
Weening she would han done as she spake,
And the knife in all haste that he can
From her tooke, and threw it behind his backe,
And said, ne for the losse, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgive all,
I trust in God, that yet vs helpe he shall.

Toth'Emperesse his mother this yong man
Againe him dresseth, he went her vnto;
And when she saw him, she to wondergan,
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,
And said, I dread thy Ieyvels two
Been lost now, percase the Brooch with the Ring.
Mother, he said, yea, by heauen King.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Sonne, thou wort well no iewell is left
Vnto thee now, but the cloth pretious
Whch I thee take shall, thee charging etc
The company of womch riotous
Thou flee, leſt it be to thee so grievous
That thou it nat sustaine ſhalt ne beare
Such company on my blessing forbeare.

The cloth ſhe ſelt, and it hath him take,
And of his Lady his mother, his leane
He took, but first this forward gan he make:
Mother, ſaid he, truſteth this weol and leene
That I ſhall ſcyn, forſooth ye ſhall it preeue,
If I leefe this cloth, neuer I your face,
Henceforth ſee wole, ne you pray of grace.

With Gods helpe I ſhall do well ynow,
Her blessing he tooke, and to ſtudy is go,
And as beforne told haue I vnto you,
His Paramour his priuy mortall foe
Was wont to meet him, right even ſo
She did than, and made him pleasant cheere:
They clip and kiffe and walk homeward in feere.

VVhen

The Shepheards Pipe.

VVhen they were entred in the house, he sprad
This cloth vpon the ground, and thereon sit,
And bad his Paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adowne on it.

She doth as he commandeth, and bit,

Had she this thought and vertue of the Cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while was full sore affesed.

This I onathas with in his heart gan ;
Would God that I might thus been eased,
That as on this Cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man

Or this came, and vnneth had he so thought,
But they with the Cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the worlds end, as that it were.

When appareiued had she this, she cry'd
As thogh she through girt had be with a spere.

Harro ! alasse that euer shope thistide !

How came we hither ? Nay, he said, abide,

Worse is comming ; here sole wole I thee leaue
Wild beasts shalien thee deuoure or caue.

The Shepheards Pipe.

For thou my *Ring* and *Breecb* hast fro me holden.
O reverent Sir I haue vpon me pittee,
Quoth she, if yee this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home againe to the Cittee
Where as I this day was, but if that ye
Them haue againe, of foule death do me dye
Your bountee on me kythe, I mercy cry.

This *Jonathas* could nothing beware,
Ne take ensampte of the deceites tweine
That she did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on deaſths peine
Fro such offences thenceforth her restraine:
She ſwore, and made thereto foreward,
But her kneth how ſhe bore her afterward.

Whan ſhe ſaw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and paſt,
And all was well: ſhe thought him eft to fire,
In her malice ayeſ ſtood ſhe ſtedfaſt,
An fro enquierſ of him was not agaſt,
In ſo thort time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her conſtre.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,
Said he, that where in this world vs be lift,
Suddenly with the thought shallen thither flit,
And how thither come vnto vs vnwist:
As thing fro farre, vnkowne in the mist.

And therwith, to this woman fraudulent
To sleepe he said, haue I good talent.

Let see, quoth he, stretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head downe lay and rest.
So was it done, and he anon gan nap:
Nap? nay, he slept right well, at best:
What doth this woman, one the fickleſt
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Vnder him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan ſhe it had all: would God, quoth ſhe,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquitie
Had her wiſh, and ſole left him there ſleeping.
O *Jonathas*! like to thy periſhing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakeſt, cauſe haſt thou to be ferd.

But

The Shepheardes Pipe.

But thou shalt doe full well, thou shalt obteene
Victory on her, thou hast done some deed
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,
And thee deliver out of thy wofull dred.

The childe whom that the mother vseth blesse,
Full often sythe is eased in distresse.

VVhan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
VVoman, ne Cloth, he wept bitterly,
And said, Alasse! now is there in no lond
Man worse I know begon then am I;
On euery side his looke he cast, and sy
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose sight he full sore was gryfed,
He thought all this well deserued I haue,
VVhat ayed me to be so euill auised,
That my counsell could I nat keep and saue?
VVho can foole play? who can mad and rauue?
But he that to a woman his secre
Discouereth, the smart cleaueth now on me.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,
And forth of aventure his way is went,
But whitherward he draw, he conceitlesse
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bente.
He past a water which was so feruent
That flesh vpon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It shope so that he had a little glasse
Which with that water anon filled he:
And whan he further in his way gane was,
Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That faire fruit bore, and in great plentee:
He eate thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through became a foulc mesel.

For which vnto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre also
That my mother conceiued me, for ay
Now am I lost; alass and well away!
And when some deel flaked his heauinessse,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Another water before him he sye,
Which(sore) to comen in he was adrad:
But nathelesse, since thereby, other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought so streitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gaſt,
Aſſoile it wole I, and through it he paſt.

And right as the firſt water his fleſh
Departed from his feet, so the ſecond
Reſtored it, and made all whole and fresh:
And glad was he, and ioyfull that ſtownd,
Whan he felte his feete whole were and ſound:
A violl of the water of that brooke
He fild, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his iourney this *Ianathas* held,
And as he his looke about him caſt,
Another tree from a farre he beheld,
To which he haſted, and him hiede faſt;
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thraſt
Into his mouth, and eate of it ſadly,
And of the leprie he purged was thereby.

Of

The Shepheards Pipe.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone
And a faire Castle from a farre, saw he
In compasse of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
He thither him dresseth the streight way
In that euer that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him againe,
And saiden thus: deere friend we you pray
What man be ye? Sirs, quoth he, certeine
A Leech I am; and though my selfe it say,
Can for the health of sicke folkes well puruay.

They said him, of yonder castle the King
A Leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath been many a sundry leech
That vndertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to seech
Their Art was, ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseale;
Lest that thou lecse thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wise thou find it shall no pley.

Sirs,

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Sirs, said he, you thanke I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit :
But I nat dread to loose mine heed,
By Gods helpe full safe keepe I will it,
God of his grace such cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure,
Full well dare I me put in aventure.

They to the Kings presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gaue to eate, and bad him to be glad,
And said, anon your health han shall yee :
Eke of the second water him gaue he
To drinke, and whan he those two had receiued
His Lepry from him voided was and weiuend.

The King (as vnto his high dignity
Conuenient was) gaue him largely,
And to him said, If that it like thee
Abiden here, I more habundantly
Thee giue wole. My Lord sickerly,
Quoth he, faine would I your pleasure fulfill,
And in your high presence abide still.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochill haue I to done elsewhere.
Jonas euery day to the sea side
Which was nye, went to looke and esquete
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his countrey lead might,
And on a day of ships had he fight.

VVell a thirty toward the Castle draw,
And at time of Euesong, they all
Arriueden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call,
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my countree
Me bring would, well quit should he bee.

And told them whither that they sholden goe.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, my ship and no moc
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my trauaile
Me giue wilt, if that I thither saile.

They

The Shepbeards Pipe.

They were accorded, *Jonathas* forth goeth
Unto the King to aske him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathlesse with his beneuolence,
This *Jonathas* from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entereth, and as blive
As wind and wether good I ope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrue
They failed forth, and came to the Cittie
In which this Serpentine woman was, shee
That had him terned with false deceitis,
But where no remedy followeth, streat is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose, she deemed he had
Been deuoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he deliuered was for ay.
Folke of the Citty knew not *Jonathas*,
So many a yeare was past, that he there was:

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Misliking and thought changed eke his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the Cittie, he hired him a place,
And therein exercised his cunning
Of Physicke to whom weren repairing
Many a sickewight, and all were healed,
Well was the sick man that with him dealed.

Now shew it thus that this *Felicula*,
(The well of 'cciuable doublenesse,
Follower of the steps of *Dallids*)
Was then exalted vnto high richesse,
But she was fallen into great sicknesse
And heard scine, for not might it been hit
How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemne to him the sent,
Praying him to do so mochill labour
As come and see her; and he thither went:
Whan he her saw, that she his Paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that derto it
To her he was, her he thought to quite
Or he went, and no longer it respite.

The Shepheards Pipe.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat
He saw her vrine, and exc felt her pou,
And said, the sooth is this plaine and flat,
A sicknesse han yee strange and meruailous,
Whiche to auoid is wonder dangerous:

To heale you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can find none.

Auisth you whether you list it take
Or not, for I told haue you my wit.
Ah sir, sai I she, for Gods sake,
That way me shew, and I shall follow it
What euer it be: for this sicknesse sit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
Me to demene: tell on I pray yow.

Lady yee must openly you confesse,
An if against goo.1 conscience and right,
Any goo.1 han ye take more or lesse,
Beforene this houre, of any manner wight,
Yee I hit anon; else not in the might
Of man is it, to giue a medicine
That you may heale of your sicknes and pine.

The beþbeard's Pipe.

If any such thing be, tell out it reed,
And yee shall been all whole I you beheet ;
Else mine Aþt is naught withouten dreed.
O Lord the thought health is a thing full sweet,
Therewith desire I soucrainly to meet :
Since I it by confession may recouer,
A foole am I but I my guilt discouer.

How falsely to the sonne of th' Emperour
Jonathas, haþ she done, before them all
As yee han hear, aboue, all that errour
By knew she, O Felicuþ thee call,
Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
Thou takeſt the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then ſaid *Jonathas*, where are thofe three
Jewels, that thee fro the Clerke with-drew?
Sit in a Coffer at my bedsfeet, yee
Shall find them ; open it, and ſo pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow
And ſay nay, and ſtreine courtesie,
But with right good will thither he gan hyc.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

The Coffer he opened, and them there fond,
VVho was a glad man but *Jonathas*? who
The King vpon a finger of his hond
He put, and the brooch on his breast also,
The cloth eke vnder his arme held he tho ;
And to her him dresseth to done his cure.
Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke
That she her had vnto him mis-bore :
And of that water her he gaue to drinke,
VVhich that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he reliued been, as ye aboue,
Han heard, and this he did eke for her loue.

Of the fruit of the tree he gaue her ete,
VVhich that him made into the Leper stert,
And as bluie in her wombe gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,
Now harknet! how it her made smert :
Her wombe opened, and out fell each intre-ile
That in her was, thus it is said sans faile.

Thus

The Shepheards Pipe.

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,
And *tonabur* with Jewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the Empresse his mother hasteth he,
Whereas in ioy, and in prosp'ritee
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God vs grant that we doe may.

Willie.

By my hooke this is a Tale
Would befit our VVhitton-ale :
Better cannot be I wist,
Descant on it he that list.
And full gladly gine I wold
The best Cosset in my fold,
And a Mazor for a fee,
If this song thou'l teachen me.
Tis so quaint and fine a lay ,
That vpon our Reuell day
If I sung it, I might chance
(For my paines) be tooke to dance
With our Lady of the May.

Roget.

Roget will not say thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy paines.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Tis a song, not many Swaines
Singen can, and though it be
Not so deckt with ny cetee
Of sweet worlē full neatly chusēd,
As are now by Shepheards vied:
Yet if well you soond the fence,
An I the Morals excellē.
You shal find it quit the white,
An I excuie the homely tile.
Vell I wot, the man that fift
Sung this Lay, did quench his thirst,
Deeply as did euer one
In the Muses *Helicon*.
Many times he hath been seen
With the Fairies on the Greene,
An to them his Pipe did sound,
Whilſt they dance d in a round.
Mickle solace woul they make him,
And at mid-night often wake him,
And conuey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome;
Or into the Medowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle Aire,
And whee *Flora* spends her treasure:
There they woul begin their measure.
If it hanc'd nights fable throwd
Muffled *Cynthia* vp in clouds;

Safely

The Shepheards Pipe.

Safely home, they then would see him,
And from brakes & quagmires free him.
There are few such Swaines as he
Nowadayes for harmonie.

Willy.

What was he thou praisest thus?

Roget.

Scholler vnto *Tityrus*,
Tityrus the brauest Swaine
Euer liued on the plaine,
Taught him how to feed his Lambes,
How to cure them, and their Dams:
How to pitch the fold, and then,
How he shoulde remoue agen:
Taught him when the Corne was ripe,
How to make an Oaten Pipe,
How to ioyne them, how to cut them,
V Vhen to open, when to shut them,
And with all the skill he had
Did instruet this willing lad.

Willy.

Happy surely was that Swaine,
And he was not taught in vaine:

The Shepheares Pipe.

Many a one that prouder is,
Hath not such a song as this :
An i haue garlands for their meed,
That but iarde as *Skeltons* ieed.

Rogt.

Tis too true : But see the Sunne
Hath his iouney fully runne ;
And all houses all in sweate,
In the Ocean coole their heate :
Seven ye ou. sheepe can I told them,
 be night ere we haue told them.

This Ode cleue, one of the prissie Seale, composed first
in tale, and was never til now imprinted. As this shall
please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his works,
being all perfect in my bands. Hee wrote in Chaucers
time.



The Shepheards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Shepheards here complaine the wrong
Done by a swynish Loue,
That brings his Hogges their Sheepe among,
And spoyle the Plaine throughout.

WILLIE. JOCKIE.

Willy.

Willie, say: what might he be
That sits on yondet hill:
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So vnouth and so shrill?

lockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Jockie.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I haue not hear'd beforene
One so mistooke as *Willy* now,
Tis some Sow-gelders ho'ne.
And well thou asken might' st if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his Ministralsie.
Requires such patience.
He is a Swinward, but I thinke
No Swinward of the best:
For much he reketh of his swinke,
And carkeith for his rest.

Willie.

Harme take the Swine! What makes he heere?
VVhat huckleſſe planets frownes
Haue drawne him and his Hogges in ſcere
To root our daifid downes.
Ill mote he thriue! and may his Hogges
And all that ere they breed
Be euer worried by our Dogges,
For ſo presumptuous deed.
Why kept he not among the Fennes?
Or in the Copſes by,
Or in the Woo ls, an' braky glennes,
Where Hawes and Acornes lye?

About

The Shepheards Pipe.

About the Ditches of the Towne,
Or Hedge-rowes he might bring them.

Jackie.

But then some pence 'twoul I cost the Cloyne
To yoke and eke to ring them.
And well I weene he loues no cost
But what is for his backe:
To goe full gay him pleaseth most,
An I lets his belly lacke.
Two sutes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-spun gray:
And yet he meanes to make a new
Against next reuell day;
And though our May-lord at the feast
Seem'd very trimly clad,
A cloth by his owne mother drest,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
A bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
A shooes with strings of leather red,
And stocking to his flop.
Id yet for all it comes to passe,
He not our gybing scapes:
ne like him to a trimmed Ass,
And some to lacke-an-Apes.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

It seemeth then by what is said,
That *Jockie* knowes the Boore;
I would my scrip and hooke haue laid
Thou knewst him not before.

Jockie.

Sike loathed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune ought can doe)
Not kend him? Yes: I ken him well
And sometime paid for't too.

Willy.

Would *Jockie* euer stoope so low,
As conissance to take
Off sike a Churle? Full well I know
No Nymph of spring or lake,
No Heardesse, nor no Shepheards gerle
But faine woul'd sit by thee,
And Sea-nymphs offer thells of perle
For thy sweet melodie.
The Satyrs bring thee from the woods,
The Straw-berrie for hire,
And all the first fruoutes of the buds
To woot thee to their quire.

Silvanus

The Shepheards Pipe.

Singers learme thy straine,
For by a neig'bour spring
The Nightingale records againe
What thou dost primely sing.
Nor canst thou tune a Madrigall,
Or any dreyre mone,
But Nymphs, or Swaines, or Birds, or all
Permit thee not alone.
And yet (as thou g̃h̃ deuoid of these)
Canst thou so low decline,
As leaue the louly Naides
For one that keepeth Swine?
But how befell it?

Jockie.

Tother day
As to the field I set me,
Neere to the May-pole on the way
This sluggish Swinward met me:
An't seeing *Wepol* with him there,
Our fellow-swaine and friend
I bad, good day, so on did fare
To my propos'd end.
But as backe from my wintring ground
I came the way before.
This rude gromme all alone I found
Stand by the Ale-houſe dore.

There

The Shepbeards Pipe.

There was no nay but I must in
And taste a cup of Ale ;
Where on his pot he did begin
To stammer out a tale.
He told me how he much desir'd
Th'acquaintance of vs Swaines,
And from the forrest was retir'd
To graze vpon our plaines :
But for what cause I cannot tell,
He can nor pipe nor sing,
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
Nor neatly dressle a spring :
Nor knowes a trap nor snare to till,
He sits as in a dreame ?
Nor scarce hath so much whistling skil
VVill hearten on a Teame.
VVell, we so long together were,
I gan to haste away,
He licenc'd me to leaue him there,
And gaue me leaue to pay.

willy.

Done like a Swinward ; may you all
That close with such as he,
Be vsed so ! that gladly fall
Into like company.
But if I faile not in mine Art,
Ile send him to his yerd,

The Shepheards Pipe.

And make him from our plaines depart

With all his fusty herd,

I wonder he hath suffered been

Upon our Commoneere,

His Hogges doe reot our yonger tress

And spoyle the smelling breeere.

Our purest weilles they wallow in,

All over-spred with curt,

Nor will they from our Arbours sin,

But all our pleasures hurt.

Our curios benches that we build

Beneath a shady tree.

Shall be orethowne, or so defilde

As we would loath to see.

Then ioyne we *Jockie*; for the rest

Of all our fellow Swaines,

I am assur'd will doe their best

To rid him fro our plaines.

Jockie.

What is in me shall never faile

To forward such a deed.

And sure I think we might preuaile

By some Satyrick reed.

Willy.

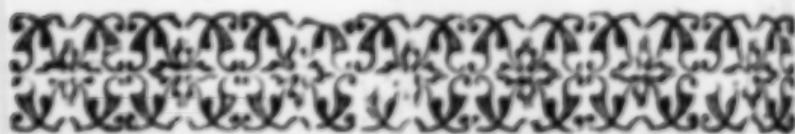
If that will doe, I know a lad

Can hit the master-vaine.

But let vs home, the skies are sad,

And clouds distill in raine.

The Shepbeards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Old Neddy's pouertie they mone,
Who whilomewas a Swaine
That had more cheape himselfe alone,
Then ten upon the plaine.*

PIERS. THOMALIN.

Thomalin.

Here is euery piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their mi.k.white sleepe?
Tell me : Is it Holy day,
Or if in the Month of May
Vse they long to sleepe?



The Shepheard's Pipe.

Piers.

Thomalin 'tis not too late
For the *Twrtle* and her mate
Sitten yet in nest:
And the *Thrushle* hath not been
Gath'ring wormes yet on the green
But attends her rest,
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady groue:
But the *Nightingale* in darke
Singing, woke the mounting *Lark*
She records her loue.
Not the *Sun* hath with his beames
Guilded yet our christall streames
Rising from the Sea.
Mists do crowne the Mountaines tops,
And each pretty mirtle drops,
Tis but newly day.
Yet see yonder (though vnwist)
Some man commeth in the mist;
Hast thou him beheld?
See, he crosseth or'e the land
With a dogge and staffe in hand,
Limping for his eld.

Thomasine.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Thomalin.

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,
And we all do reu'rence owe him,

Tis the aged Sire

Neddy, that was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake,

And the 'blessing'-fire.

Good ol' man ! see how he walkes
Painfull and among the balkes

Picking lockes of wull :

I haue knowne the day when hee
Had as much as any three,

VVhen their lofts were full.

Vnderneath yond hanging rocks
All the valley with his Flockes

VVas whilome ouer-spread :

He had milch-goates without peeres,
Well-hung kine, and fatned strectes

Many hundred head.

Wilkins cote his Dairy was,
For a dwelling it may passe

With the best in towne.

Curds and Creame with other cheare,
Haue I had there in the yeare

For a greeny gowne.

Lasses kept it, as againe

VVere not fitted on the plaine

For a lusty dance ;

* The Midsum-
mer fayre are
scarmed so in
the West parts of
England.

And

The Shepheardes Pipe.

And at parting, home would take vs,
Fawnes or Sillibubs to make vs

For our iouisance.

And though some in spight would tell,
Yet old Nedd, tooke it well;

Bidding vs againe

Neuer at his Cote be strange:

Vnto him that wrought this change,

Mickle be the paine!

Piers.

VVhat disaster *Thomelins*

This mischance hath cloth'd him in,

Quickly teller me:

Rue I doe his state the more,

That he clipped he:ctofore

Some felicitie.

Han by night accursed theeues

Slaine his Lambs, or stolne his Beeues?

Or consuming fire

Brent his shearing-house, or stall,

Or a deluge drowned all?

Tell me it intire.

Hauc the VVinters been so fte

To raine and snow, they haue wet

All his drieft Laite:

The Shepbeards Pipe.

By which meanes his sheepe haue got
Such a deadly curelesse rot,
That none living are?

Thomalin.

Neither waues, nor theeues, nor firc,
Nor haue rots impoor'd this Sirc,
Suretisshipp, nor yet
VVas the vsurer helping on
VVith his damn'd extortiōn,
Nor the chaineſ of debt.
But deceit that ever lies
Strongest arm'd for treacheries
In a boſom'd friend:
That (and onely that) hath brought it:
Cursed be the head that wrought it!
And the baseſt end.
Groomes he had, an the did ſend them
VVith his heards a fiel to tend them,
Had they further been:
Sluggiſh, lazy, thriſtlesſe clues,
Sheep had better kept themſelues
From the Foxes teēn.
Some would kill their ſheepe, and then
Bring their maſter home agen
Nothing but the ſkin;

Telling

Ye Shepheards Pipe.

Telling him, how in the morn
In the fold they foun'd them torne,
And aere lying lin.

If they went vnto the Faire
With a score of fatned ware,
And did chance to sell,
If old *Neddy* had againe
Halfe his owne; I rare well faine,
That but selome fell.

They at their returne would say,
Such a man, or such would pay,
Well knowne of your Hyne.

Alas poore man! that subtil knaue
Vadid him, and vaunts it braue,
Though his Master pine.

Of his master he would beg
Such a lambe that broke his leg:

And if there were none,
To the fold by night hec'd hye,
And them hurt full rufullly,
Or with stasse or stone.

He woul'd haue petitions new,
An for desprate debts woul'd sue

Neddy had forgot:

He woul'd grant: the other then
Tares from poore and aged men;
Or in Iayles they rot.

I be shepheards Pie.

Neddy lately richie store,
Giuing much, receiued more,
On a sudden fell.

Then the Steward lent him gold,
Yet no more then might be told
VVorth his masters Cell.

That is gone, and allbeside,
(VVell-a-day, alacke the tide)

In a hollow den,
Vnde ne th yon i gloomy wood
VVensh: now, and wails the brood
- Of ingratefull men.

Piers.

But alas! now he is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
VVhat is left him?
Or to succour, or relieue him,
Or from wants oft to repreue him,

Thomslin.

All's bereft him,
Sone he bath a little crowd,
(He in youth was of it proud)
And a dogge to dance:

The Shepheards Pipe.

VVith them, he on holy-dayes
In the Farmers houses playes
For his sustenance.

Piers.

See ; he's neere, let's rise and meet him,
And with dues to old age, greet him,
It is fitting so.

Thomalin.

Tis a motion good and faire,
Honour still is due to age :
Up, and let vs goe,



The

The Shepheards Pipe.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this the Author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greeke words φιλος: and ερις, a lover of verine, a name well besetting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loued (and now as much lamented, friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, sonne to the worthy, sir Pete Manwood, Knight.

VNder an aged Oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with ioy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,
And from their masters wood the neighb'ring flocks:
But now o're-come with dolors deepe
That nie his heart-strings rent:
Ne car'd he for his silly sheepe,
N. car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For vncouth paths vnowne,
Where none but trees might heare his plaints,
And echo rue his mone.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
And riuers (swolnewith pride) ore look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of *Summers* golden houres,
And void of sap stood *Ida's* Cedar-rankes,

The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats
By rising fountaines, or as they
Feard Winters waftfull threats.

Against the broad-spread Oke,
Each wind in furie beares :
Yet fell their leaues not halfe so fast
As did the Shepheards teares.

As was his seate so was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hic
As those aye-wandring lights, who both imparte
Their beames on vs, and heauen still beautifie.

Sad was his looke (O heauy Fate !
That Swaine should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorne mate
With greatest pleasure clad).

Broke was his tuncfull pipe
That charm'd the Christall floods,
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too sparing of a wished stay,
Yee wandring lampes: O be ye fix a space?
Some other *Hemisphēre* grace with your ray.

Great *Phæbus*! *Daphne* is not heere,
Nor *Hyacintbus* faire;

Phæbus! *Endymion* and thy deere
Hath long sincc cleit the aire,

But yee haue surely seene

(VVhom we in sorrow misse)

A Swaine whom *Phæbe* thought her loue,
And *Titan* deere: i h.s.

But he is gone; then inwards turne your light,
Beholde him there; here neuer shall you more;
O're-hang this sad plaine with eternall night?
Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore

To fenny blacke. *Hyperion* great
To ashy paleness turne her!

Greene well befits a louers heate,
But blacke becommes a mourner.

Yet neither this thou canst,

Not see his second birth,

His brightness blinds thine ey c more now,
Then thine d. His on earth.

J.C.

The Shephears' Pipe.

Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as vsed were of yore:
For *Philaret* is dead, let mirthfull straines
With *Philaret* cease for euermore!

And if a fellow swaine doe line

A niggard of his teares;

The Shepheardesse all will give

To store him, part of theirs.

Or I would lend him some,
But that the store I haue
Will all be spent before I pay
The debt I owe his graue.

What is left can make me leave to none?
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Looke on his sheepe: alas! their Master's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore

With locked armes haue vow'd our loue,

(Our love which time shall see

In shepheards songs for euer moue,

And grace their harmony).

Its solitary scenes.

Behold our flowrie beds;

Their beauty's fade, and Violet's

For sorrow hing their heads,

The Shepheards Pipe.

Tis not a Cypress bough, a count'rance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
A Toombe built to his names eternitie,

Although the shepheards all should striue
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame aliue
In spight of destinies

That can supprese my griefe :
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be rotten
All things th'vupartiall hand of Fate
Can rase out with a thought :
These haue a seu'rall fixed date,
VVhich ended, turne to nought.
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of Time
Shall fanne and sweep away.

Looke

The Shepbeards Pipe.

ooke as a sweet Rose fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th'enamour'd morne,
Vntill some keene blast from the eniuious North,
Killes the sweet bud that was but newly borne,

Orelse her rarest smels delighting

Mhke her, her selfe betray

Some white and curious hand inuiting

To plucke her thence away.

So stands my mournfull case,

For had he been lesse good,

He yet (vncropt) had kept the stocke

VVhereon he fairely stood.

Yerthough so long he liu'd not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him giuen.

Who liueth but the space of one poore night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that *Eaten*.

Who euer doth the period see

Of dayes by heau'n forth plotted,

Dyes full of age, as well as he

That had more yeares alotted.

In sad Tones then my verse

Shall with incessant teares

Bemoane my haplesse losse of him

And not his want of yeares.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

In deepest passions of my griefe-swoyne breast
(Sweete soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me,
That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
And gaue such wings to reach *Eternitie.*

Is this to die? No: as a ship
Well built, with easie wind
A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,
And soonest ha:bour find:

So *Philarete* fled,
Quicke was his passage giuen,
When others must haue longer time
To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
But as the Nightingale agaist the breere,
Tis for my selfe I moane, and doe lament,
Not that thou lef't the world, but lef't me heere.
Here, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleasing powre;
All glorious daies seeme vgly nights,
Me thinkes no Aprill shewie
Embroider should the earth,
But briny teares distill,
Since *Flora*'s beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

The Shepheards Pipe.

And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)
VWhilome the fairest flocke on all the Plaine :
Yeane never Lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke :
Yee shady *Sicamours* ! when any Swaine,

To carue his name vpon your rind
Doth come, where his oth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so vnkind
To raze it with his hand.

And thou my loued *Muse*
No more should'st numbers moue,
But that his name shoul'd euer liue,
And after death my loue.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heauens for what he mist on earth ;
Then from the earth, full sadly gan arise
As farre from future hope, as preuent mirth,
Vnto his Cote with heauy pace
As euer sorrow trode
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthfull Swaines abode,
And as he spent the day,
The night he past alone ;
Was never *Shepheard* lou'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

To

The Shepbeards Pipe.

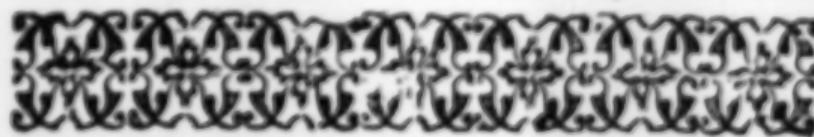
To the vertuous, and much lamenting
Sisters of my euer admired friend, Ma-
ster Thomas Manwood.

To mee more knowne then you, is your sad chance,
Oh ! had I still enjoy'de such ignorance ;
Then, by these spent teares had not been knowne,
Nor left another's griefe to sing mine owne.

Yet since his fate hath wrought these threes
Permit a Partner in your woes :
The cause doth yeeld, and still may doe
Though for Y o v , and others too :
But if such plaints for Y o v are kept,
Yet may I grieve since you have wept.
For bee more perfect growes to bee
That feeleth another's MISERIE :
And though these drops which mourning run
From severall Fountaines first begun,
And some farre off, some neare fletee ;
They will (at last) in one streame meete.
Mine shal with yours, yours mix with mine,
And make one Offring at his Shrine :

For whose ETERNITE on Earth, my Muse
To build this ALTAR, did her best skill vse ;
And that you, I, and all that held him deere,
Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.

The Shepheards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The fifth Eglogue.

To his ingenious friend, Master Christopher Brooke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy incites his friends to write
Things of a higher fame
Then filly Shepheards vs endite
Vaild in a Shepheards name. ②

WILLY. CUTTY.

Morne had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shouels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Or at hedging wrought, or ditching
For their food more then enriching.
When the shepheards from the fold
All their bleating charges told,
And (full carefull) search'd if one
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
Any had their fleeces pul'd:
Mongst the rest (not least in care)
Cutty to his fold gan fare;
And young *Wally* (that had given
To his flock the latest euen
Neighbourhood with *Cutts* sheepe)
Shaking off refreshing sleepe,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet,
VVhere he (busied) *Cutty* met:
Both their sheepe told, and none mist
Of their number; then they blist
Pan, and all the Gods of plaines
For respecting of their traines
Of silly sheepe; and in a song
Praise gaue to that holy throng.
Thust they draue their flockes to graze,
VVhose white fleeces did amaze
All the Lillies as they passe
VVhere their vsuall feeding was.
Lillies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleasing feature

The

The Shepbeard, Pipe.

Then a sheepe, by natures duty
Should be crown'd with far more beauty
Then a Lilly; and the powre
Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:
From the middle of their sprout
(Like a Furie's sting) thrust out
Dart-like forks in death to steepe them:
But great *Pas* did safly keepe them;
And affoorded kind repaire
To their dry and worted laire,
VVhere their masters (that did eie them)
Vnderneath a *Haw-thorne* by them,
On their pipes thus gan to play,
And with times weare out the day.

Willy.

Cease *Catty*: cease to feed these simple flockes;
And for a Trumpet change thine Oaten-reeds;
O're-locke the vallies as aspiring rockes,
An frather march in steele, then shepheards weeds.
Believe me *Catty*! for heroicke deeds
Thy verse is fit; not for the lines of Swaines,
(Though both thou canst do well) an none procceds
To leaue high pitches for the lowly plaines:

Take thou a Harpe in hand, stricke with *Apollo*;
Thy Muse was made to lead, the scorne to follow;

Catty.

Willy, to follow sheepe I neere shall scorne;
Much lesse to follow any Deity:

The Shepheards Pipe.

Who against the Sun(though weakned by the morn)
VVould vie with lookes,needeth an Eagles eye,
Idare not search the hid'en mysterie
Of tragicke scenes ; nor in a buskin'd stile
Through death & horror march,nor their height fli,
VVhose pens were fed with blood of this f. ire Ile.
It shal content me, on these happy downes
To sing the strife for garlands,not for crownes;

Willy.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly iar
Another lesson teach the Spheres to sing ?
VVho would a shepheard that might be a star ?
See learned *Cutty*, ou yond mountaines are
Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat
That can get vp, hath water cleerer farre
Then when the st: comes doe in the vallies float.
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run
That might his steps haue vsher'd by the Sunne ?

We Shepheards tune our layes of Shepheards loues,
Or in the praise of shady groues, or springs ;
We scldome heare of *Citherea's* Doues,
Except when some more learned Shepheard sings ;
An equall meed haue to our sonetings :
A Belt, a sheep-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,

The Shepheards Pipe.

Is all we seeke ; and all our versing brings,
And more deserts then these are seldome ours.

But thou whose muse a falcons pitch can sore
Maist share the bayes euen with a Conqueror.

Cutty.

VVhy doth not *Willy* then produce such lines
Of men and armes as might accord with these?

Willy.

'Cause *Cutties* spirit not in *Willy* shines,
Pan cannot weild the Club of *Hercules*,
Nor dare a *Merlin* on a *Heron* scise.
Scarce know I how to fit a sh'pheardseare ;
Farre more vnable shall I be to please
In ought, which none but semi-gods must heare ;
When by thy verse (more able) time shall see
Thou canst give more to kings, then kings to thee.

Cutty.

But (wel-a-day) who loues the muses now ?
Or helps the climber of the sacred hill ?
None leane to them : but striue to disallow
All heauenly dewes the goddesses distill.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willie.

Let earthly minds base mucke for euer fill,
VVhose musick onely is the chime of gold,
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quill!
As they of Learning thinke, so of them hold.

And if ther's none deserues what thou canst doo,
Be then the Post and the Patron too.

I tell thee *Cutty*, had I all the sheepe
With thrice as many moe, as on these plaines,
Or shepheard, or faire maiden sits to keepe,
I would them all forgoe, so I thy straines
Could equalize. O how our neatest swaines
Doe trim themselves, when on a holy-day
They haste to heare thee sing, knowing the traines
Offairest Nymphs will come to learn thy lay.

Well may they run & wish a parting neuer, (uer.
So thy sweet song might charme their eares for-

Cutty.

Their attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Below them where true merit hath assign'd;

Willy.

An I do I not bestowing them on thee:
Believe me *Cutty*, I doe beare this mind,

That

The Shepheards Pipe.

That wheresoe're we true deserving find,
To giue a silent praise is to detract;
Obscure thy verses (more then most refin'd)
From any one, of dulnesse so compact.
And rather sing to trees, then to such men,
Who knew not how to crowne a Poets per-

Cuttij.

Willy, by thy incitement I'll assay
To raise my subiect higher then tofore,
And sing it to our Swaines next holy-day,
VVhich (as approu'd) shall fill them with the storr
Of such rare accents: if dislik'd, no more
Will I a higher straine then shepheards use,
But sing of VVoods and Rivers as before:

Willy.

Thou wilt be euer happy in thy Muse.
But see, the radiant Sunne is gotten hie,
Let's seeke for shadow in the grove hereby.

The Shepheards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The sixth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philos of his Dogge doth braggs
For having many feates :
The while the Curre undoes his baggs,
And all his dinner eates.

WILLY. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

Willy.


Tay Jockie, let vs rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met ;
This spreding Oke wil yeeld vs shadowing
Till Phabu flee is be in the Ocean wet.
Jockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Jockie.

Gladly (kind swaine) I yeeld, so thou wilt play
And make vs merry with a Roundelay.

Philos.

No *Jockie*, rather wchd we to the wood,
The time is fit, and Filberds waxen pipe :
Let's go and fray the Squirrell from his food ;
We will another time heare *Willy* pipe.

Willy.

But who shall keepe our flocks when we are gone ?
I dare not goe and let them feede alone.

Jockie.

Nor I : since but the other day it fell,
Leauing my sheepe to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could returne, two lambs were slaine.

Philos.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or else asleepe ;
Such Curres as those shall never watch my sheepe.

Willy.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

Yet *Philos* hath a dog not of the best ;
He seemes too lazy, and will take no paines ;
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,
Then catch a wandring sheepe vpon the plaines.

Jockie.

Tis true indeed : and *Philos* wot ye what ?
I think he plaiers the Fox he growes so fat.

Philos.

Yet hath not *Jockie* nor yet *Willy*, seene
A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,
Nor any of the Fox more heedfull beene
VVhen in the shade I slept, or list to dine.

And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often haue the maidens stroue to take him,
VVhen he hath crost the plaine to barke at Crows ?
How many Lasses haue I knowne to make him
Garlands to gir this necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.

And

The Shepheards Pipe.

And when I list(as often times I vse)
To tune a *Horne-pipe*, or a *Morris-dance*,
The dog(as he by nature could not chuse)
Seeming asleepe before, wil leape and dance.

Willy.

Belike your dog came of a *Pedlers* brood,
Or *Philes* musicke is exceeding good.

Philos.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my Reed,
(Though of my reed and him I well may boast)
Yet if you will aduenture that some meed
Shall be to him that is in action most,
As for a Colle of shrill sounding bels
My dog shal staine with yours, or any's els.

Jockie.

Philos in truth I must confessse your *Wagge*
(For so you call him) hath of tricks goo' i store,
To steale the vittailles from his masters bagge
More cunningly, I ne're saw dog before,
See *Willy*, see! I prithee *Philos* note (throtte,
How fast thy bread and cheeze goes downe his

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

Now *Philos* see how mannerly your Carre,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,
Deuoures your Dinner.

Philos.

I wish 'twere a burre
To choke the Mungrell!

Jockie.

See how cleane he lickes
Your butter-boxe ; by *Pan*, I doe not meanely
Loue *Philos* dog, that loues to be so cleanly.

Philos.

VVell flouted Jockie.

Willy.

Philos, run amaine,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe ;
See how he blind-fold strags along the mead ;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke :
He loues your meat, but cares not for your drink.

Jockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Jackie.

I, so it seemes : and *Philos* now may goe
Vnto the wood, or home for other cheere,

Philos.

Twere better he had neuer seru'd me so,
Sweet meat, sowre sauce, he shall abyte it deere,
VVhat must he be aforhand with his master?

Willy.

Onely in kindnessse he would be your taster:

Philos.

VVell *Willy*, you may laugh, and vrge my spleene ;
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Looke to my zeeded trains
Till my returne.

Jackie.

VVe will.

Willy.

Make haste againe.

The



The Shepheards Pipe.

The seventh Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Palinode intreats his friend
To leave a wanton Lasse ;
Yet he pursues her to his end
And lets all Councell passe.*

PALINODE, HOBBINOL.

VV Hither wends *Hobbinal* so early day ?
What be thy Lamkins broken frō the fold
An! on the plaines all night haue run astray ?
Or are thy sheepe an! sheep-walkes both ysold ?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the field
Without thy sheepe ? thou wert not wont to yeeld

To

The Shepheards Pipe.

To idle sport,
But did resort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed
As any shepheard that his flocke hath fed
Vpon these downes.

Hobbinoll.

Such heauy frownes
Fortune for others keepes ; but bends on me
Smiles woul i befit the seat of maiestie.

Hath *Palinode*
Made his abode

Vpon our plaines, or in some vncouth Cell ?
That heares not what to *Hobbinoll* befall ;
Phillis the faire, and fairer is there none,
To morrow must be linkt in marriage bands ;
Tis i that must vndoe her virgin Zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

Palinode.

Behold the man ? Nay, then the woman too,
Though both of them are very small beholding
To any powre that set them on to woe ;
Ah *Hobbinoll* ! it is not worth vnfolding
VVhat thepheards say of her ; thou canst not chuse
But heare what language all of *Phillis* vse ;

Yet,

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Yet, then such tonges,
To her belongs
More then to sate her lust ; vnhappy else !
That wilt be bound to her to loose thy selfe.
Forsake her first.

Hobinell.

Thou most accurst !
Durft thou to slander thus the innocent,
The graces patterne, Vertues president ?
She, in whose eye
Shines modestie :
Upon whose brow lust never lookes with hope,
Venus rul'd not in *Phillis* Horoscope :
Tis not the vapour of a Hemlocke stem
Can spoile the perfume of sweet Cinnamon ;
Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them
Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

Palinode.

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,
VVhom (I dare sweare) thou knowst is not a maid :
Remember when I met her last alone
As we to yonder Groue for filberds afraid,
Like to a new strook *Doe* from out the bushes,
Lacing her selfe, and red with gamesome blushes

Made

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Made towards the Greene,

Loth to be see ne :

And after in the Groue the Goatheard met :

What saidst thou then? If this preuaile not, yet

I'le tell thee moe.

Not long agoe

Too long I lou' i her, and as thou dost now

Woul I sweweare *Diana* was leſſe chaſte then ſhe,

That *Jupiter* would court her, knew he how

To fin I a ſhape might tempt ſuch chaſtitie :

And that her thoughts were pure as newfalne ſnow,

Or ſiluer ſwans that trace the bankes of *Poe*,

And free within

From ſpot of ſin :

Yet like the flint her luſt-ſwole breast conceal'd

A hidden fire ; and thus it was reueal'd :

Cladon, the Lad

Who whilome had

The Garland giuen for throwing beſt the barre,

I know not by what chance or luckie ſtarre,

Was chosen late

To be the mate

Vnto our Lady of the gleſome May,

And was the firſt that danc'd each holyday ;

None would he take but *Phillis* forth to dance ;

Nor any could with *Phillis* dance but hee,

On *Palme* ſhe thenceforth not a glance

Beſtowes, but hates him and his pouerty,

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Cladon had sheepe and lams for stronger lode
Then ere shee saw in simple *Palinode*:

He was the man

Must clip her than;

For him she wreathes of flowers, and chaplets made;
To strawberries invites him in the shade,

In shcaring time

And in the prime

Would helpe to clip his sheepe, and gard his lambs;
And at a need lend him her choicest rams,

And on each stocke

Work such a clocke

With twisted colored thred; as not a Swaine
On all these downes could shew the like againe.

But as it seemes, the VVell grew dry at last,
Her fire vnquench'd; and she hath *Cladon* leit,

Nor was I sorry; nor doe wish to taste

The flesh whereto so many flies haue cleft.

Oh *Hobbinoll!* Canst thou imagine she

That hath so oft been tride, so oft misdone;

Can from all other men be true to thee?

Thou knowst with me, with *Cladon*, she hath gone
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,

And can the name of wife those rouings stay?

She hath not ought

That's hit, vnsought;

These eies, these hands, so much know of that womā,
As more thou canst not; can that please that's comō?

No

The Shepbeards Pipe.

No: should I wed,
My marriage bed,
And all that it containes, should as my heart
Be knowne but to my selfe; if we impart
What golden rings
The Fairy brings,
VVe loose the Iem, nor will they giue vs more:
VVives loose their value, if once knowne before:
Behold this Violet that cropped lyes,
I know not by what hand first from the stem,
VVith what I plucke my selfe shall I it prise?
I scorne the offals of a Diadem.
A Virgins bed hath millions of delights
If then good parents please she know no more:
Nor hath her seruants nor her fauorites
That waite her husbands issuing at dore:
Shee that is free both from the act and eie
Onely deserues the due of Chastitie.

But *Phillis* is

As farre from this,

As are the Poles in distance from each other,
Shee well beseemes the daughter of her mother.

Is there a Brake

By Hill or Lake

In all our plaines that hath not guilty been,
In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian Queens

Ne're vs'd her skill

To win her will

The Shepheards Pipe.

Of yong *Adonis*, with more heart then she
Hath her allurements spent to wo. kon me.
Leaue, leaue her *Hobmoe*; she is so ill
That any one is good that's neught of her,
Though she be faire. the ground which oft we till
Growes with his burden old and Larrenner.

Hobbinoll.

VVith much ado, and with no little paine
Haue I out heard thy railing gai. st my loue:
But it is common, what we cannot gaine
We oft disualew; sooner shalt thou m.eue
Yon lofty Mountaine from the place it stan'ds,
Or count the Meadowes flowers, or *Ijis* sand's,

Then stirre one thought

In me, that ought

Can be in *Pbillis* which *Diana* faire
And all the Goddesses woul'd net with their.

Fon i man then cease

To crossle that peace

Whi ch *Pbillis* vrtue and this heart of mine
Haue well begun; and for those words of thine

I doe forgiue

If thou wilt liue

Hereafter free from such reproches moe,
Since goodnesse never was without her soc.

Falimode.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Palinode.

By leue me *Hobinoll* what I haue sai.
Was more in loue to thee then hate to her:
Thinke on thy libertie; let that be weigh'd;
Great goo i may oft b'tide if we deferre
An i vsesom: shoit delayes e. e marriage rites
Vvedlocke hath daies of toile as ioyfome nights.

Canst thou be free

From icalousie?

Oh no: that plague will so infect thy braine
That only death must worke thy peace againe.

Thou canst not b'well

One minute well

From whence thou leau'st her; locke on her thy gate,
Yet will her minde be still adulterate.

Not *Argos* eyes

Not ten such spies

Can make her only thine: for she will doe
With those, that shall make thee mistrust them too:

Hobinoll.

VVilt thou not leave to taint a virgins name?

Palinode.

A virgine? yes: as sure as is her mother.

Dost thou not heare her good report by fame?

The Shepheards Pipe.

Hobbinoll.

Fame is a lyer, and was neuer other.

Palinode.

Nay, if she euer spoke true, now she did;
And thou wilt once confess what I foretold
The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

Hobbinoll.

So pierce the rocks
A Red-breasts knocks
As the beleefe of ought thou tell'st me now:
Yet be my guest to morrow.

Palinode.

Speed your plow.

I feare ere long
You'll sing a song
Like that was sung hereby not long ago;
V Vhere there is carrion, neuer wants a crow.

Hobbinoll.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Hobbinoll.

Ill tutor'd Swaine,
If on the plaine
Thy sheep hence-forward come where mine do feed,
They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

Palinode.

Such are the thankes a friends fore-warning brings.
Now by the loue I euer bore thee, stay!
Meete not mishaps! themselues haue speedy wings.

Hobbinoll.

It is in vaine. Farewell. I must away.

W. B.

FINIS.